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# Beautiful Bouquets

Gathered

From the Poets of all Countries.

The

# True Lovers Knot

Selected & Edited by L. V.

London

Frederick Warne & Co.

Bedford St Covent Garden

New York — Scribner & Co.

Charles Tertius Printer, London.



*BEAUTIFUL BOUQUETS,*

*CULLED FROM THE POETS OF ALL COUNTRIES.*

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THE

# TRUE LOVERS' KNOT.

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With Coloured Illustrations

FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

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THE

# TRUE LOVERS' KNOT.

## THE TRUE LOVE KNOT.

DOMESTIC Love! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide:
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide;
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills, some little bubbling spring,
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed;
And many a bird to warble on the wing,
When Morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fling.

O, love of loves!—to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key!
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee;
And thine the voice that on the midnight sea

Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine, and thou hast come,
And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy plume!

CROLY.

## ODE FROM ANACREON.

WHEN spring begems the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the zephyr's languid sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies!
How sweet to mark the pouting vine
Ready to fall in tears of wine;
Where the embowering branches meet,—
Oh, is not this divinely sweet?

MOORE.

## FLOWERS OF LOVE.

WITH grey head bent upon the ground,
While wandering through a Saxon vale,
A pilgrim first the violet found,
Flinging its fragrance on the gale,
As he towards the holy shrine
Journey'd along with wearied feet—
He smiled, to think the saint divine
Should him with such sweet odours meet.

A Lover on the Indian Sea,
Sighing for her left far behind,
Inhaled the scented jasmine tree,
As it perfumed the evening wind:
Shoreward he steer'd at dawn of day,
And saw the coast all round embower'd,
And brought a starry sprig away,
For her by whose green cot it flowered.

And oft when from that scorching shore
In after days those odours came,
He pictured his green cottage door,
The shady porch, and window-frame,

Far, far away across the foam;
  The very jasmine flower that crept
Round the thatch'd roof about his home,
  Where she he loved still safely slept.

With raven ringlets blown apart,
  And trembling like a startled dove,
A lovely girl pressed to her heart
  A moss-rose, to appease its love.
But all in vain, it still kept beating,
  And so she said, "'Tis all in vain!
Oh, this love! 'tis past defeating,—
  What can I do but love again?"

*The "Cabinet."*

## SONG.

HOW delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing,
For the knot there's no untying.

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but love has ruing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays when sorest chidden,
Laughs and flies, when press'd or bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever!

CAMPBELL.

## SONG.

FROM "FESTUS."

FOR every leaf the loveliest flower,
Which beauty sighs for from her bower,
For every star a drop of dew,
For every sun a sky of blue,
For every heart a heart as true!

For every tear by pity shed
Upon a fellow sufferer's head,
Oh! be a crown of glory given,
Such crowns as saints to gain have striven,
Such crowns as seraphs wear in heaven.

For all who toil at honest fame,
A proud, a pure, a deathless name—
For all who love, who loving bless,
Be life one long, kind, close caress,
Be life all love, all happiness!

BAILEY.

## SONG OF THE PEASANT WIFE.

COME, Patrick, clear up the storm on your brow!
You were kind to me once—will you frown on me now—
Shall the storm settle here when from heaven it departs,
And the cold from without find its way to our hearts?
No, Patrick, no! sure the wintriest weather
Is easily borne when we bear it together.

Though the rain's dropping through from the roof to the floor,
And the wind whistles free where there once was a door,
Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away
All the warm vows we made in our love's early day?
No, Patrick, no! sure the dark stormy weather
Is easily borne if we bear it together.

When you stole out to woo me when labour was done,
And the day that was closing to us seemed begun,
Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,
Or if we crept out amid darkness and showers?
No, Patrick! we talked, while we braved the wild weather,
Of all we could bear, if we bore it together.

Soon, soon will these dark dreary days be gone by,
And our hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky!
Oh, let not our spirits, embittered with pain,
Be dead to the sunshine that came to us then!
Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us welcome the weather,
And sunshine or storm we will bear it together.

MRS. NORTON.

## TO MY LOVE.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of Heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

SHAKSPEARE.

## THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

LIVE, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee.
The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,
With crawling woodbine overspread,
By which the silver shedding streams
Shall gently melt thee into dreams.
Thy clothing neat shall be a gown
Made of the fleece's purest down.
The tongues of kids shall be thy meat,
Their milk thy drink, and thou shalt eat
The paste of filberts for thy bread,
With cream of cowslips buttered.
Thy feasting tables shall be hills,
With daisies spread and daffodils,
Where thou shalt sit, and redbreast by
For meat shall give thee melody.
I'll give thee chains and carcanets
Of primroses and violets.
These—nay, and more—thine own shall be,
If thou wilt love and live with me.

HERRICK.

## THE DREAM OF LOVE.

It must be so—my infant love must find
In my own heart a cradle and a grave;
Like a rich jewel hid beneath the wave,
Or rebel-spirit bound within the rind
Of some old wreathed oak, or fast enshrined
In the cold durance of an echoing cave.
Yet better thus than cold disdain to brave;
Or worse, to taint the quiet of that mind
That decks its temple with unearthly grace.
Together must we dwell, my dream and I—
Unknown then live, and unlamented die,
Rather than dim the lustre of that face,
Or drive the laughing dimple from its place,
Or heave that white breast with a painful sigh.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

## THE HELIOTROPE.

Through all the changes of the day
I turn me to the sun;
In clear or cloudy skies I say
Alike, Thy will be done.

BISHOP HORNE.

## WILD FLOWERS.

AS shadowy April's suns and showers would pass,
And Summer's wild profusion plenteous grew,
Hiding the Spring flowers in long weeds and grass,
What meads and copses would I wander through!
When on the water oped the lily buds,
And fine long purples shadowed in the lake;
When purple bugles peeped in the woods,
'Neath darkest shades that boughs and leaves could make.

The ragged robins by the spinney lake,
And flag-flower bunches deeper down the flood,
And snugly hiding 'neath a feather'd brake,
Full many a bluebell flower, and cuckoo bud;
And old man's beard that wreathed along the hedge
Its oddly rude, misshapen tawny flowers,
And prickly burrs that crowd the leaves of sedge,
Have claimed my pleasing search for hours and hours.

## QUESTION AND REPLY.

TELL me what thou lovest best?
Vernal motion? Summer rest?
Winter, with his merry rhymes?
Or the grand Autumnal times?
Dost thou Saxon beauty prize?
Or, in England, love-lit eyes?
Or the brown Parisian's grace?
Or the warm-soul'd Bordelaise?
Or the forehead broad and clear,
Which the Italian Damas wear,
Braiding round their night-black hair,
Circe-like? Or the Spanish air,
Where the Moor has mixed his blood
With the dull Castilian flood,
Giving life to sleepy pride?
Tell me, where would'st thou abide,
Choosing for thyself a season,
And a mate,—for sweet love's reason?

Nought for country should I care,
So my mate were true and fair:
But for her—O! she should be
(Thus far I'll confess to thee)—
Like a bud when it is blowing;
Like a brook when it is flowing;
(Marr'd by neither heat nor cold);
Fashion'd in the lily's mould,
Stately, queen-like, very fair;
With a motion like the air;
Glances full of morning light,
When the morn is not too bright;
With a forehead marble pale,
When sad pity tells her tale;
And a soft scarce tinted cheek,
(Flushing but when she doth speak);
For her voice 't should have a tone
Sweetest when with me alone;
And Love himself should seek his nest
Within the fragrance of her breast!

BARRY CORNWALL.



## LYRIC.

ASK me not how much I love thee!
Do not question why!
I have told thee the tale
In the evening pale,
With a tear,—and a sigh!

I told thee when love was hopeless;
But now he is wild and sings—
That the stars above
Shine ever on Love,
Though they frown on the fate of kings.

Oh, a king would have loved and left thee,
And away thy sweet love cast;
But I am thine
Whilst the stars shall shine,—
To the last—to the last!

BARRY CORNWALL.

## A PLEA FOR LOVE.

THE summer brook flows in the bed
The winter torrent tore asunder;
The skylark's gentle wings are spread
Where walk the lightning and the thunder:
And thus you'll find the sternest soul
The gayest tenderness concealing,
And minds that seem to mock control,
Are order'd by some fairy feeling.

Then, maiden! start not from the hand
That's harden'd by the swaying sabre—
The pulse beneath may be as bland
As evening after day of labour:
And, maiden! start not from the brow
That thought has knit, and passion darken'd—
In twilight hours, 'neath forest bough,
The tenderest tales are often hearken'd.

THOMAS DAVIS.

## SONG.

I WANDER'D by the brook side,
I wander'd by the mill,
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still.
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart,
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watch'd the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid.
For I listen'd for a footfall,
I listen'd for a word,
But the beating of my own heart,
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not,
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;

The evening air past by my cheek,
  The leaves above were stirr'd,
But the beating of my own heart
  Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
  When something stood behind,
A hand was on my shoulder,
  I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer,
  We did not speak a word,
But the beating of our own hearts
  Was all the sound I heard.

MONCKTON MILNES.

## THE VIOLET.

A LOVELY flower, in secret bower,
  Invisible I dwell;
For blessing made, without parade,
  Known only by my smell.

BISHOP HORNE.

## THE WELCOME.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the leaves looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "true lovers don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them;
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that wont tire you.
Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armour;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff, and the eyrie,
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
Oh! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "true lovers dont sever!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

## A LYRIC.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.
Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold—
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are sweeter far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

## THE PRIMROSE.

WHEN time's dark winter shall be o'er,
His storms and tempests laid,
Like me you'll rise a fragrant flower,
But not like me to fade.

BISHOP HORNE.

## THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

RAINY and rough sets the day,—
There's a heart beating for somebody;
I must be up and away,—
Somebody's anxious for somebody.
Thrice hath she been to the gate,—
Thrice hath she listen'd for somebody;
'Midst the night, stormy and late,
Somebody's waiting for somebody.

There'll be a comforting fire,
There'll be a welcome for somebody;
One, in her neatest attire,
Will look to the table for somebody.
Though the stars fled from the west,
There is a star yet for somebody,
Lighting the home he loves best,—
Warming the bosom of somebody.

## *The True Lovers' Knot.*

### A LYRIC.

She is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.
Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold—
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
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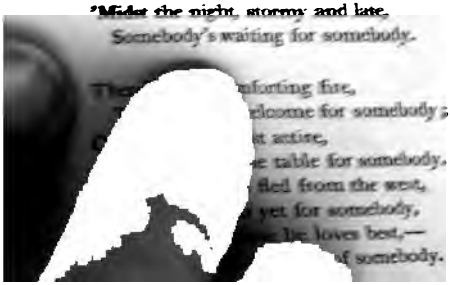
HARTLEY COLERI

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His storms and tempests fold,
Like me you'll rise a

## THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

RAINY and rough sets the day,—
There's a heart beating for somebody;
I must be up and away,—
Somebody's anxious for somebody.
Thrice hath she been to the gate,—
Thrice hath she listen'd for somebody;
'Midst the night, stormy and late,
Somebody's waiting for somebody.



There'll be a coat o'er the chair,
  There will be slippers for somebody;
There'll be a wife's tender care,—
  Love's fond embracement for somebody:
There'll be the little one's charms,—
  Soon 'twill be waken'd for somebody;
When I have both in my arms,
  Oh! but how blest will be somebody!

CHARLES SWAIN

## TELL ME NOT, SWEET, I AM UNKIND.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
  That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
  To war and arms I fly.
True, a new mistress now I chase,
  The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
  A sword, a horse, a shield.
Yet this inconstancy is such
  As you too shall adore;
I could not love you, dear, so much,
  Loved I not honour more.

LOVELACE.

## LIKE THE VIOLET, WHICH ALONE.

LIKE the violet, which alone
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betray'd;
For she's to herself untrue
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace;
For a high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place;
Folly boasts a glorious blood—
She is noblest, being good.

She her throne makes reason climb,
Whilst wild passions captive lie;
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly.
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

HABINGTON.

## THE GARDEN.

THE bow'r of innocence and bliss
Sin caus'd to disappear:
Repent, and walk in faith and love,
You'll find an Eden here.

BISHOP HORNE.

## MONTROSE TO HIS LOVE.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My soul did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

MONTROSE.

## TO ALTHEA.

WHEN love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds, that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When—like committed linnets—I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

LOVELACE.



## THE YOUNG BRIDE.

DEAL gently thou! whose heart hast won
The young bird from the nest away,
Where careless 'neath a vernal sun
She gaily caroll'd day by day.
The haunt is lone (the heart must grieve),
From whence her timid wing doth soar;
The pensive list at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her: thou art dear
Beyond what vestal lips have told—
And, like a lamb, from fountain clear
She turns confiding to the fold.
She round thy sweet domestic bower
The wreaths of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently thou, when far away
'Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender cares decay—
The soul of woman lives in love.
And should'st thou wondering mark a tear
Unconscious from her eyelid break,
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear
That man's strong heart can ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee
On thy true breast to sparkle rare;
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And, by thy trust to be forgiven
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasured hopes of heaven—
Deal gently with the widow's child.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

## THE SNOWDROP.

THE snowdrop, nature's timid child,
Awakes to life bedew'd with tears;
And flings around its fragrance mild;
And, where no rival flowerets bloom,
Amid the chill and barren gloom,
This beauteous gem appears.

All weak and wan, with head reclined
On its pure couch, the drifted snow,
It trembles, while the ruthless wind
Bends its slim form—the tempest lowers—
Its emerald eye drops crystal showers,
On its cold bed below.

Where'er I find thee, gentle flower,
Thou still art sweet and dear to me;
For I have known the cheerless hour—
Have seen the sunbeams cold and pale—
Have felt the chilly wintry gale,
And wept and shrank like thee.

## I THINK ON THEE IN THE NIGHT.

I THINK on thee in the night,
When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out, with her pale, sad light,
To sit on the lonely hill;
When the stars are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,
Like a spirit's low replies.

I think on thee by day,
'Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud.
I hear thy soft, sad tone,
And thy young sweet smile I see:
My heart,—my heart were all alone,
But for its dreams of thee!

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

## A LOVE STORY.

MY father oft would speak
Your worth and virtues; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till, sitting at my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god
I thought (but it was you) enter our gates;
My blood flew out and back again as fast,
As I had put it forth and sucked it in
Like breath; then was I call'ed away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heav'd from a sheep-cot to a sceptre,
Rais'd so high in thoughts, as I; you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever; I did hear you talk
Far above singing; after you were gone
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so. Alas! I found it love.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

## LOVE.

To say he loved,
Were to affirm, what oft his eyes avouch'd,
What many actions testified, and yet—
What wanted confirmation from his tongue.
But, if he loved, it brought him not content!
'Twas now abstraction—now a start—anon
A pacing to and fro—anon a stillness,
As nought remained of life save life itself,
And feeling, thought, and motion were extinct!
Then all again was action!

I saw a struggle,
But knew not what it was; I wondered still
That, what to me was all content, to him
Was all disturbance; but my turn did come.
At length he talked of leaving us; at length
He fixed the parting day—but kept it not—
Oh! how my heart did bound! Then first I knew
I had been sinking. Deeper still it sank,
When next he fixed to go; and sank it then
To bound no more! He went.

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

I WOULD that I could utter
My feelings without shame,
And tell him how I love him,
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man comes not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage;
They cannot seek his hand.

BRYANT.



## THE PASSION FLOWER.

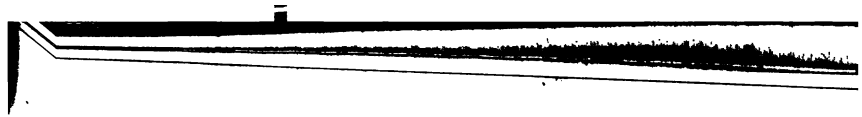
WILD superstition named the flower
In memory of that awful hour,
When He whom heaven and earth adore
The death of shame and sorrow bore.

They called the purple circlet there
The crown of thorns 'twas His to wear;
And every leaf seemed to their eye
Memorial of His agony.

'Tis fancy all—yet do not scorn
The thought of adoration born!
But let each flower that meets our sight
Recall the Lord of life and light.

There's not one flower that decks the vale,
And with its fragrance scents the gale,
That does not bid our hearts arise
To Him who dwells beyond the skies.





In valley lone, on mountain height,
All in one common tale unite;
All speak His love who died, that we
Might live through all eternity.

ANNA EASTBURN.

## A BOUQUET.

THE rich magnolia,
High priestess of the flowers whose censer fills
The air.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE good old Passion Flower!
It bringeth to thy mind
The young days of the Christian Church,
Dim ages left behind.

MARY HOWITT.

## AMBITIOUS LOVE.

HAVE you been out some starry night,
And found it joy to bend
Your eyes to one particular light,
Till it became a friend.
And, then, so loved that glistening spot,
That, whether it were far
Or more or less, it matter'd not—
It still was your own star.

Thus and thus only can ye know
How I, e'en scorned I,
Can live in love, though set so low,
And my ladie-love so high;
Thus learn that on this varied ball,
Whate'er can breathe or move—
The meanest, lornest thing of all
Still owns its right to love.

Oh, deep delight! the frail guitar
Trembles beneath her hand,
She sings a song, she brought from far,
I cannot understand;

Her voice is *always* as from heaven,
  But yet I seem to hear
Its music best, when thus 'tis given
  *All* music to my ear.

She has turned her tender eyes around
  And seen me crouching there,
And smiles, just as that last full sound
  Is fainting on the air.
And now I can go forth so proud
  And raise my head so tall,
My heart within me beats so loud
  And musical withal.

And there is summer all the while,
  Mid-winter though it be;
How, should the universe not smile
  When she has smiled on me!
For though that smile can nothing more
  Than merest pity prove;
Yet pity, it was sung of yore,
  Is not *so* far from love.

Thus, without share in coin or land—
  But well content to hold
The wealth of nature in my hand,
  One flail of virgin gold,

My love above me like a sun,
  My own bright thoughts—my wings,
Through life I trust to flutter on
  As gay as aught that sings.

One hour I own I dread—to die
  Alone and unbefriended,
No soothing voice, no tearful eye,
  But that must soon be ended;
And then I shall receive my part
  Of everlasting treasure,
In that just world where each man's heart
  Will be his only measure.

R. M. MILNES.

## THE GARDEN.

How beautiful! a garden fair as heaven,
Flowers of all hues and smiling in the sun,
Where all was waste and wilderness before.
Well do ye imitate, ye gods of earth,
The great Creator. Rock, and lake, and glade,
Birds, fishes, and untamed beasts are here.
Your work were all an Eden but for this—
Here is no man unconscious of a pang,
No perfect Sabbath of unbroken rest.

GOETHE.

## THERE IS A SPELL IN EVERY FLOWER.

THERE is a spell in every flower,
A sweetness in each spray,
And every simple bird has power
To please me with its lay;
And there is music in each breeze
That sports along the glade:
The crystal dewdrops on the trees
Are gems by fancy made.

There's gladness too in everything,
And beauty over all:
For everywhere comes on with spring
A charm which cannot pall;
And I!—my heart is full of joy,
And gratitude is there,
That He, who might my life destroy,
Has yet vouchsafed to spare.

The friends I once condemned are now
  Affectionate and true:
I wept a pledged one's broken vow—
  But he proves faithful too.
And now there is a happiness
  In everything I see,
Which bids my soul rise up and bless
  The God who blesses me.

ANNE P. DINNIES.

## FRIENDS.

OUR old friends, no doubt, will be true friends,
  The longer we love them, the more;
But shut not your heart against new friends,
  Though one be but true in a score;
Prize the one you have proved, as a jewel,
  With which it were madness to part;
*Who* would carelessly throw by the fuel
  That keeps up the warmth of the heart?
Of *true* souls how good the communion
  Throughout the wide world as we roam!
To preserve then the strong chain of union,
  Let us rivet the fond links at home!

C. JEFFERYS.

## THE BRIDE.

WHY do I weep? to leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend,
The myrtle—yet oh! call it mine,
The flowers I loved to tend.
A thought of all things dear
Like shadows o'er me sweep;
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh! therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister! we have played
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er fount and bower.
Yes, thou and I by stream, by shore
In song, in prayer, in sleep
Have been as we may be no more—
Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father! eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet
With the gathered grapes and the lyre in tune
Thy homeward steps to greet.

Thou! in whose voice, to bless thy child,
  Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled,
  I leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee! on thy breast,
  Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
  Still changeless—yet I go!
Lips! that have lulled me with your strains,
  Eyes! that have watched my sleep:
Will earth give love like yours again?
  Sweet mother! let me weep!

MRS. HEMANS.

## FLOWERS.

THERE's not a flower of spring
That dies ere June, but vaunts itself allied
By issue and symbol, by significance
And correspondence, to that spirit world
Outside the limits of our space and time,
Whereto we are bound.

E. B. BROWNING.

## SHERENE.

THEN come, Sherene! I've found a grove,
Beneath a wild hill's purple van,
Where coos the silver-bosom'd dove;
Where the wild peacock spreads his fan;
Where springs the roebuck in his glee:
Love, hear my lute, it sings to thee:

There, on the valley's blossom'd slope,
Shines to the sun the pheasant's plume,
There, like a ray, the antelope
Gleams through the thicket's fragrant gloom.
The stately camel bends the knee:
Love, hear my lute—"'Tis all for thee."

There morn is like a new-waked rose,
And like a rosy shower the noon;
And evening, like a sweet song's close;
And like a sun half veil'd, the moon.
But dark my paradise will be:
Soul of my soul, I die for thee.

CROLY.

## FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN first the Friendship flower is planted
Within the garden of your soul,
Little of care or thought are wanted
To guard its beauty fresh and whole;
But when the one impassioned age
Has full revealed the magic bloom,
A wise and holy tutelage
Alone can shun the open tomb.

It is not absence you should dread,
For absence is the very air
In which, if sound at root, the head
Shall wave most wonderful and fair;
With sympathies of joy and sorrow,
Fed, as with morn and ev'ning dews,
Ideal colouring it may borrow
Richer than ever earthly hues.

But oft the plant whose leaves unsere
  Refresh the desert, hardly brooks
The common-people atmosphere
  Of daily thoughts, and words, and looks;
It trembles at the brushing wings
  Of many a careless fashion-fly,
And strange suspicions aim their stings
  To taint it, as they wander by.

MILNES.

## TRUE LOVE.

O, THAT I thought it could be in a woman,
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

SHAKSPEARE.

## THE WIFE'S WELCOME.

THE hearth is swept, the fire is bright,
The kettle sings for tea;
The cloth is spread, the lamp's alight,
The hot cakes smoke in napkins white,
And now I wait for thee!

Come home, love, home! thy task is done;
The clocks tick listeningly;
The blinds are shut, the curtains down,
The arm-chair to the fireside drawn,
Our boy upon my knee.

Thy task is done, we miss thee here;
Where'er thy footsteps roam,
No hand will spread such kindly cheer,
No beating heart, no listening ear
Like those which wait at home!

Aha! along the crisp walks, fast
That well-known step doth come;
The bolt is drawn—the gate is past,
The babe is wild with joy at last,—
A thousand welcomes home!

MRS. AREY.

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## LOVE.

IF through love
One gentler, nobler impulse thou dost gain,
Dost rightly its deep self-oblivion prove;
Or if its weariness doth thee constrain
To turn for sympathy, where cold disdain
Will ne'er encounter thee, to Heaven above,
How canst thou yet with piteous voice complain,
Blind mortal! that thy love hath been in vain?
Vain—worse than vain, is many an impure
And idle love, that doth its end attain
With scarce an effort. But of this be sure,
True, holy love can never be in vain.

MARY MAYNARD.

## A TOILETTE.

From Andromeda.

LOVING and gentle she spoke, but the maid stood in awe, as the goddess
Plaited with soft swift finger her tresses and decked her in jewels—
Armlet and anklet and earbell; and over her shoulders a necklace,
Heavy, enamelled, the flower of the gold and the brass of the mountain,
Trembling with joy she gazed, so well Hephaistos had made it,
Deep in the forges of Etna, while Charis, his lady, beside him
Mingled her grace in his craft, as he wrought for his sister Athené.
Then on the brows of the maiden a veil bound Pallas-Athené;
Ample it fell to her feet, deep-fringed, a wonder of weaving.
Ages and ages agone it was wrought on the heights of Olympus,
Wrought in the gold-strung loom, by the finger of cunning Athené.

In it she wove all creatures that teem in the womb of the ocean;
Nereid, syren, and triton, and dolphin, and arrowy fishes
Glittering round, many-hued, on the flame-red folds of the mantle.
In it she wove, too, a town where grey-haired kings sat in judgment;
Sceptre in hand, in the market they sat, doing right by the people,
Wise, while above watched Justice, and near, far-seeing Apollo.
Round it she wove for a fringe all herbs of the earth and the water,
Violet, asphodel, ivy, and vine-leaves, and roses and lilies,
Coral, and sea-fan and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the ocean.
Now from Olympus she bore it, a dower to the bride of a hero.
Over the limbs of the damsel she wrapt it: the maid still trembled,
Shading her face with her hands, for the eyes of the goddess were awful.

KINGSLEY.



## A SEA-SIDE SONG.

LOVE-LADEN from the lighted west
Thou comest with thy soul opprest
For joy of him: all up the dim,
Delicious sea blow fearlessly,
Warm wind, that art the tenderest
Of all that breathe from south or west,
Blow whispers of him up the sea!
Upon my cheek, and on my breast,
And on the lips which he hath prest,
Blow all his kisses back to me!

Far off, the dark green rocks about,
All night shines, faint and fair, the far light:
Far off, the lone, late-fishers' shout
From boat to boat i' the listening starlight:
Far off, and fair, the sea lies bare,
Leagues, leagues beyond the reach of rowing:
Up creek and cove the smooth wave swells
And falls asleep; or, inland flowing,
Twinkles among the silver shells,
From sluice to sluice of shallow wells;

Or down dark pools of purple glowing,
Sets some forlorn star trembling there
In his own dim, dreamlike brilliancy.
And I feel the dark sails growing
Nearer, clearer, up the sea:
And I catch the warm west blowing
All my own love's sighs to me:
On the deck I hear them singing
Songs they sing in my own land;
Lights are swinging; bells are ringing;
On the deck I see him stand!

OWEN MEREDITH.

## FLOWERS.

FLOWERS! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty; when from you
That heavenly lesson from all hearts, He drew,
Eternal, universal as the sky,
Then in the bosom of your purity
A voice He set, as in a simple shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.

MRS. HEMANS.

## MY LOVE.

NOT as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far
Beneath the silver evening-star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For nought that sets one's heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemèd in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things;
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is; God made her so;
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman—one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost the fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

J. R. LOWELL.



## TRUE LOVE—ETERNAL.

THERE is a love! 'tis not the wandering fire,
That must be fed on folly or expire,
Gleam of polluted hearts, the meteor-ray
That fades as rises Reason's nobler day—
But passion made *essential*, holy, bright,
Like the raised dead—our dust transformed to light.
Earth has its pangs for all; its happiest breast
Not his who meets them least, but bears them best·
Life must be toil! yet oh, that toil how drear,
But for this soother of its brief career!—
The charm, that virtue, beauty, fondness bind
Till the mind mingles with its kindred mind!
'Tis not the cold romancer's ecstasy,
The flame new-lit at every passing eye;
But the high impulse, which the stately soul
Feels slow engross it, but engross it whole—
Yet seeks it not, nay! turns with stern disdain
On its own weakness that can wear a chain—

Still wrestling with the angel, till its pride
Feels all the strength departed from its side:
Then joined and joined for ever, loving loved,
Life's darkest hours are met and met unmoved;
Hand link'd in hand the wedded pair pass on,
Through the world's changes still unchanging, one.

CROLY.

## LOVE.

YES, love indeed is light from heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the soul above;
But heaven itself descends in love,—
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought,—
A ray of Him who formed the whole,—
A glory circling round the soul.

BYRON.

## TRUE BEAUTY.

YOU miss the fine and secret art,
To win the castle of the heart,
For which you all contend,
Who marshal, brilliant from the box,
Fans, feathers, diamonds, castled locks—
Your magazine of arms.

The nymph-like robe; the natural grace;
The smile—the native of the face;
Refinement without art;
The eye, where pure affection gleams;
The tear, from tenderness that streams;
The accents of the heart;

The trembling frame; the living cheek
Where, like the morning, blushes break
To crimson o'er the breast;
The look, where sentiment is seen;
Fine passions, moving o'er the mien;
And all the soul expressed—

Your beauties these, with these you shine,
And reign on high by right divine
The sovereigns of the world.

LOGAN.



## FIRST AVOWAL OF LOVE.

'Twas the bliss – the fount of bliss
Tinging all other joys with this,
Of hearts that through long years have grown
Warm for each other, though unknown,
Without a dream yet many a sigh
For that, which drew in secret nigh—
Till in an instant glance has shone
The flash, that melts two hearts in one—
To sever, when shall cease to be
God's mystic throne! Eternity!
Oh! 'twas an hour of that blest cast,
Which, though ne'er seen till felt—when past,
For ever stands the radiant pole
Of each beloved magnetic soul,
And leaves a gem, 'twere worth distress
Of slow-year'd ages to possess.
That hour has left for thee a light
That fears no power of storm or night;

Distance may grieve, and years entwine
The bond of absence, yet to thine
Shall ever turn that light of love
On earth; or, if in heaven above,
Down shall its gladdening beams be sent
To guide thee by the way it went.

HOWITT.

## TRUE LOVE.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom;—
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

SHAKSPEARE.

## DOMESTIC LOVE.

H, Twilight! Spirit that doth render birth
To dim enchantments, melting heaven with earth;
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness, like the atmosphere of dreams;
Thy hour to all is welcome! Faint and sweet
Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet,
Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,
And though such radiance round him brightly glows,
Marks the small spark his cottage window throws;
Still, as his heart forestalls his weary pace,
Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,
Recals the treasures of his narrow life,
His rosy children and his sunburnt wife,
To whom *his* coming is the chief event
Of simple days, in simple labour spent.
The rich man's chariot hath gone whirling past,
And those poor cottagers have only cast
One careless glance on all that show of pride,
Then to their tasks turned quietly aside.
But *him* they wait for, him they welcome home,
Fond sentinels look forth to see him come;

The fagot sent for, when the fire grew dim,
The frugal meal prepared, are all for him;
For him the watching of that sturdy boy;
For him those smiles of tenderness and joy—
For him, who plods his sauntering way along,
Whistling the fragment of some village song.

MRS. NORTON.

## FROM ANACREON.

To all, that breathe the air of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
In forming the majestic bull,
She fenced with wreathèd horns his skull;
A hoof of strength she lent the steed;
And wing'd the timorous hare with speed:
To man she gave in that proud hour
The boon of intellectual power;
Then what, O woman! what for thee
Was left in Nature's treasury?
She gave thee beauty—mightier far
Than all the pomp and power of war:
Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power,
Like woman in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair!—mankind adore thee:
Smile! and a world is weak before thee.

MOORE.

## WEDDED LOVE.

AND are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to talk o' wark?
Ye jades, fling by your wheel!
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Gi'e me my cloak, I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.

Rise up, and make a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And make their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's all to please my ain gude man,
He likes to see them braw.

* * * * *

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzie wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thrilled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by; I ha'e him safe;
Till death we'll never part:—
But what puts parting in my mind?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

## FICKLE AFFECTION.

Our love was like the snow-flakes
Which melt before you pass,
Or the bubble on the wine, which breaks
Before you lip the glass.

M. Praed.



## A SPRING DAY.

IT is the first fine day of March;
Each minute sweeter than before;
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That grows beside our door.

* * * * *

Love now, an universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth;
—It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than fifty years of reason:
Our minds will drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey,
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

WORDSWORTH.

## LILY OF THE VALLEY.

But chief, sweet Lily of the Vale,
With drooping head and bosom pale,
Though deeply veiled thy snowy vest,
Pure as the dew that bathes thy breast;
Within thy tiny, trembling bells
What treasured store of fragrance dwells!
Thy breath, so delicately sweet,
Soon leads us to thy loved retreat.

## LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Stooping Lilies of the Valley,
That love with shades and dews to dally,
And bending low on slender threads
With broad hood leaves above their heads,
Like white-robed maids in summer hours,
Beneath umbrellas shunning showers.

Clare.





## SPRING.

'T is not that sweet herbs and flow'rs alone
Start up, like spirits that have lain asleep
In their great mother's iced bosom deep
For months, or that the birds, more joyous grown,
Catch once again their silver summer tone;
And they who late from bough to bough did creep,
Now trim their plumes upon some sunny steep,
And seem to sing of winter overthrown.
No—with an equal march the immortal mind,
As though it never could be left behind,
Keeps pace with every movement of the year;
And (for high truths are born in happiness)
As the warm heart expands, the eye grows clear,
And sees beyond the slave's or bigot's guess.

BARRY CORNWALL.



## SONG.

"Here's a health to thee, Jessie."—BURNS.

HERE'S a health to thee, Mary,
Here's a health to thee;
The drinkers are gone, and I am alone,
And I am alone,
To think of home and thee, Mary.

There are some who may shine o'er thee, Mary,
And many as frank and free,
And a few as fair,
But the summer air
Is not more sweet to me, Mary.

I have thought of thy last low sigh, Mary,
And thy dimmed and gentle eye;
And I've called on thy name
When the night winds came,
And heard my heart reply, Mary,

Be thou but true to me, Mary,
And I'll be true to thee;
And at set of sun,
When my task is done,
Be sure that I'm ever with thee, Mary.

BARRY CORNWALL.

## THE BIRTH OF THE ANEMONE.

By this the boy that by her side lay killed,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white:
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk. and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

SHAKSPEARE'S "Venus and Adonis."

## INCONSTANCY.

SINCE there's no help, come! let us kiss and part;
Nay! I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea! glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever; cancel all our vows;
And, when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen on either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.—
Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies;
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death;
And Innocence is closing up his eyes—
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

DRAYTON.

## REGRET.

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
For reasons, not to love him, once I sought
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him. I now would give
My love, could he but live.

W. S. LANDOR.

## THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

THE place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud sound is in my ear,
And the corn is green again.
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more will speak.

I am very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride:
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone.

There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

LADY DUFFERIN.

## THE TRUE WIFE.

I TURN to thee in time of need,
And never turn in vain;
I see thy fond and fearless smile,
And hope revives again.
It gives me strength to struggle on,
Whate'er the strife may be;
And if again my courage fail,
Again I turn to thee.

Thy timid beauty charmed me first—
I breathed a lover's vow,
But little thought to find the friend,
Whose strength sustains me now;
I deemed thee made for summer skies,
But in the stormy sea,
Deserted by all former friends,
Dear love! I turn to thee.

Should e'er some keener sorrow throw
A shadow o'er my mind;
And should I, thoughtless, breathe to thee
One word that is unkind;
Forgive it, love! thy smile will set
My better feelings free,
And with a look of boundless love
I still shall turn to thee.

T. H. BAILEY.

## A SONNET.

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she, belied with false compare.

SHAKSPEARE.

## CLARENS.

CLARENS! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where the god
Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,
His soft and summer breath, whose tender pow'r
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

All things are here of *him;* from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,
Where the bow'd waters meet him, and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings
Fearless and full of life; the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,
And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more;
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,
For 'tis his nature to advance or die:
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

BYRON.

## A PERFECT WOMAN.

I WOULD not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That, only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted; but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord.

SHAKSPEARE.

## THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills and fields,
The woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroider'd o'er with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

## FLOWERS.

FLOWERS image forth the boundless love
God bears his children all,
Which ever droppeth from above,
Upon the great and small:
Each blossom that adorns our path,
So joyful and so fair,
Is but a drop of love divine,
That fell and flourished there.

ILIMOR.

## COMMON BRAMBLE.

THOUGH woodbines flaunt and roses grow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers,
For dull the eye, the heart as dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty, beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are.

E. ELLIOTT.

## FLOWERS.

THANK God! when forth from Eden,
The weeping pair were driven,
That unto earth, though cursed with thorns
The little flower was given.
That Eve, when looking downward,
To face her God afraid,
Beheld the scented violet,
The primrose in the shade.

MARY HOWITT.

## THE HAREBELL.

WITH drooping bells of clearest blue,
Thou didst attract my childish view,
Almost resembling
The azure butterflies that flew,
Where on the heath thy blossoms grew
So lightly trembling.

Where feathery fern, and golden broom,
Increase the sand-rock cavern's gloom,
I've seen thee tangled,
'Mid tufts of purple heather bloom,
By vain Arachne's treacherous loom,
With dew-drops spangled.

'Mid ruins tumbling to decay,
Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,
Still freshly springing
Where pride and pomp have pass'd away,
On mossy tomb and turret grey,
Like friendship clinging.

When glow-worm lamps illume the scene,
And silvery daisies dot the green,
Thy flowers revealing;
Perchance to soothe the fairy-queen,
With faint sweet tones, on night serene,
Thy soft bells pealing.

But most I love thine azure braid,
When softer flowers are all decayed,
And thou appearest
Stealing beneath the hedgerow shade,
Like joys that linger as they fade,
Whose last are dearest.

Thou art the flow'r of memory
The pensive soul recalls in thee
The year's past pleasures;
And led by kindred thought will flee,
Till back to careless infancy
The path she measures.

Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
I've seen thee bending;
Pale as the pale blue veins that streak
Consumption's thin transparent cheek,
With death hues blending.

Thou shalt be sorrow's love and mine,
The violet and the eglantine
With spring are banished;
In summer's beam the roses shine;
But I of thee my wreath will twine,
When these are vanished.

H. HEBER.

## JUNE WILD FLOWERS.

RETIRING May to lovely June,
Her latest garland now resigns;
The banks with cuckoo flowers are strewn,
The woodwalks blue with columbines.
And with its reeds the wandering stream,
Reflects the flag-flower's golden beam.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

## A HEALTHFUL DWELLING.

WHERE marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air,
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
Ascend; there light thy hospitable fires.

ARMSTRONG.

## TO MAY.

COME, beautiful May!
Like youth and loveliness,
Like her I love; O, come! in thy full dress,
The drapery of dark winter cast away;
To the bright eye and the glad heart appear
Queen of the spring and mistress of the year.

Yet, lovely May!
Teach her, whose eyes shall rest upon this rhyme,
To spurn the gilded mockeries of time,
The heartless pomp, that beckons to betray;
And keep, as thou wilt find, that heart each year
Pure as thy dawn, and as thy sunset clear.

## CONJUGAL LOVE.

DROP to drop within the ocean,
Star to star in heaven above,
Moving with harmonious motion
Round the sun they love!
Brotherhood and sympathy
Are the laws that flow from thee.
Love!—that art within the mind
Of our erring sinful kind
Even this——a recollection
Of a holier affection,
Born in heaven.

* * * * *

Its kindred sweet—those forms that bless
This world with their own loveliness,
And fill the sense with music, flung
From harps unearthly, spirit-strung.
What if it fell to mix with men
And none must feel it pure again,—
At some sweet times—it seems to wear
The seraph robes that erst it bare;
At some sweet times—its whispers come,
Like echoes, from its heavenly home,
When heart meets heart and life is love.

—TEGNER. LATHAM.



## TELL ME NO MORE.

TELL me no more how fair she is;
I have no mind to hear
The story of that distant bliss
I never shall come near:
By sad experience I have found
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
To tempt my daring fate,
From whence no triumph ever came
But to repent too late:
There is some hope ere long I may
In silence dote myself away.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,
Nor will thy justice blame;
So that thou wilt not envy me
The glory of my flame;
Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies,
In that it falls her sacrifice.

HENRY KING.

## SHALL I LIKE A HERMIT DWELL?

SHALL I like a hermit dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel-gold,*
If a stranger may be bold
Unrebuked, unafraid
To convert them to a braid,
And with little more ado
Work them into bracelets too;—
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

* *Angel-gold* was of a finer kind than crown-gold.

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hairs or precious eyes;
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good manners' sake,
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she be not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show,
Warming but as snowballs do,
Not like fire, by burning too;
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

WALTER RALEIGH.

## JULY FLOWERS.

AND these with hispid leaf and blooms
Of darkened sapphire, richly swinging
The bell-flower nettle-leaved illumes
With azure light the woods; while bringing
Around it hoops of insect things
With merry song and dancing wings.

## SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR?

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known,
Make me quite forget my own?

Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
  If she be not such to me,
  What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
  And unless that mind I see,
  What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
  For if she be not for me,
  What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER.



## EARLY MORNING.

Did you but know when bathed in dew,
How sweet the little violet grew,
  Amidst the thorny brake;
How fragrant blew the ambient air,
O'er beds of primroses so fair,
  Your pillow you'd forsake.

Paler than the autumnal leaf,
O'er the wan hue of pining grief,
  The cheek of sloth shall grow;
Nor can cosmetic, wash, or ball,
Nature's own favourite tints recal
  If once you let them go.

HERRICK.



## SPRING.

When sturdy March's storms are overblown
And April's gentle showers are slidden down,
To close the wind-chapt earth.

QUARLES.

## THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

FAIR flower that, lapt in lowly glade,
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer wakes, on bank or spray,
Our England's lily of the May,
Our lily of the vale!

Art thou that "Lily of the field,"
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield
The heart from blank despair,
He showed to our mistrustful kind,
An emblem to the thoughtful mind
Of God's paternal care?

Not this, I trow; far brighter shine
To the warm skies of Palestine
Those children of the East:
There, when mild autumn's early rain
Descends on parched Esdrela's plain,
And Tabor's oak-girt crest,

More frequent than the host of night,
Those earth-born stars, as sages write,
  Their brilliant discs unfold;
Fit symbol of imperial state,
Their sceptre-seeming forms elate,
  And crowns of burnished gold.

But not the less, sweet spring-tide's flower,
Dost thou display thy Maker's power,
  His skill and handiwork;
Our western valley's humbler child,
Where, in green nook of woodland wild,
  Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though no care nor heart be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine,
  Yet, born to bloom and fade,
Thee too a lovelier robe arrays,
Than e'en in Israel's brightest days,
  Her wealthiest kings arrayed.

Of thy twin-leaves the embowered screen,
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green;
  Thy Eden-breathing smell;
Thy arch'd and purple-vested stem,
Whence pendant many a pearly gem,
  Displays a milk-white bell;

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,
Which sends from earth the ascending shoot,
  As rising from the dead,
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Charged thy fair blossoms to produce,
  And berries scarlet red.

The triple cell, the twofold seed,
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
  Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While spring shall weave her flowery crown,
  Or vernal breezes blow;

Who forms thee thus, with unseen hand?
Who, at creation gave command,
  And willed thee thus to be:
And keeps thee still in being, through
Age after age revolving? who
  But the great God is He?

Omnipotent to work his will!
Wise, who contrives each part to fill
  The post to each assigned;
Still provident with sleepless care,
To keep; to make thee sweet and fair
  For man's enjoyment—kind!

"There is no God," the senseless say:—
"Oh God! why cast'st thou us away!"
Of feeble faith and frail,
The mourner breathes his anxious thought;
By thee a better lesson taught,
Sweet lily of the vale!

Yes, He who made and fosters thee,
In reason's eye perforce must be
Of majesty divine.
Nor deems she that His guardian care
Will He in man's support forbear,
Who thus provides for thine.

BISHOP MANT.

## THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

WHITE bud! that in meek beauty so dost lean,
The cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
Thou seem'st beneath thy huge high leaf of green,
An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.
White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,—
The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

CROLY.

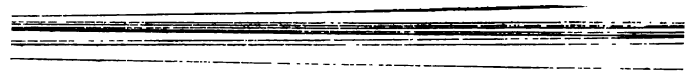


## BLUEBELLS.

Nor grass nor herb,
Nought but their own fair selves were smiling there,
As if they all had sprouted suddenly,
Laden with full-blown blossoms, and with buds
Half-blown between, with stalks most delicate,
From the thin soil o'ergrown with yellow moss
That shared their beauty; or had fallen down,
Immortal flowers! from the pure coronal
Of seraph swimming through our lower skies
One hour away from heaven!

A whispering wind
Self-born amid the silence, like a thought,
A cheerful thought, not unembued with love,
Not unallied to tears, almost a sigh.
Touched these sweet Harebells,—for I knew their names,
Even through the uncertain glimmer of their blue
And skiey beauty,—and a shower of pearls,
Shook from their petals, bathed the stalks as fine
As gossamer, and slipt along the leaves,
The tiny leaves almost invisible





Thus hid in dew, and as the dew expired,
Now greener than the green of emeralds,
Fancy, awakened by their loveliness,
Believed one moment that she heard a chime
From these Bluebells, as from the magic reins
Of that green armoured elfin chivalry,
That wont of old, beneath the moon and stars,
In many a glittering squadron, through the woods
And down the glens of Scotia to deploy,
In long succession, while the lady fern
The cavalcade o'ershadowed, and the hind
Or shepherd lonely and belated, viewed
With beating heart, and with the holy sign
Across his bosom drawn unconsciously,
Ride by, the Fairy Queen and all her Court!

WILSON.

## HOME OF THE BLUEBELLS.

ON the swelling downs where sweet air stirs
The bluebells lightly, and where prickly furze
Buds lavish gold.



## AH, HOW SWEET!

AH, how sweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach love's fire:
Pains of love are sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
Do but gently heave the heart;
E'en the tears they shed alone,
Cure like trickling balm their smart:
Lovers when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with reverence use,
Treat them like a parting friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein;
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again.
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

JOHN DRYDEN.

## RHYMES.

IF I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids;
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids
And still dreams on.

## THE DEW NO MORE SHALL WEEP.

THE dew no more shall weep,
The primrose's pale cheek to deck;
The dew no more shall sleep,
Nuzzled in the lily's neck:
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which
Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
Makes sorrow half so rich
As the drops distill'd from thee:
Sorrow's best jewels be in these
Caskets, of which heaven keeps the keys.

When sorrow would be seen
In her bright majesty—
For she is a queen!—
Then is she dress'd by none but thee:
Then, and only then, she wears
Her richest pearls;—I mean, thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are
For the sun that dies,
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair:
Nowhere but here doth meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

## NATURE'S LESSONS.

WITH all, as in some rare limned book, we see
Here painted lectures of God's sacred will.
The daisy teacheth lowliness of mind;
The camomile, we should be patient still;
The rue, our hate of vice's poison ill;
The woodbine, that we should our friendship hold;
Our hope the savory in the bitterest cold.

HENRY PEACHUM.



## O, NANNY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME?

O NANNY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
Oh, can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go;
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recal,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath,
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

THOMAS PERCY.

## AGE AND YOUTH.

CRABBED age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee:
O my love, my love is young;
Age, I do defy thee;
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

SHAKSPEAR

## AN ADIEU.

I LEAVE thee now, my spirit's love!
All bright in youth's unclouded light,
With sunshine round and hope above
Thou scarce hast learnt to dream of night.

Yet night will come! Thy bounding heart
Must watch its idols melt away;
And oh! thy soul must learn to part
With much that made thy childhood gay!

But should we meet in darker years,
When clouds have gathered round thy brow,
How far more precious in thy tears,
Than in thy glow of gladness now!

Then come to me, thy wounded heart
Shall find it has a haven still—
One bosom—faithless as thou art,
All—all thine own 'mid good and ill!

Thou leav'st me for the world! then go!
Thou art too young to feel it yet,
But time may teach thy heart to know—
The worth of those who ne'er forget.

T. K. HERVEY.

## LOVE.

THE golden sun, now rising, fill'd
The shrine of Love with day;
The earth in gladness opened wide,
And green the valley lay.
Serenely bright the goddess glow'd
Amid the purpled air,
And looked with gracious eyes benign
On those adoring there.

STERLING.

## THE ISLE OF LOVE.

WILD forest trees the mountain's sides arrayed
With curling foliage and romantic shade.
Here spreads the poplar, to Alcides dear,
And dear to Phœbus, ever verdant here,
The laurel joins the bowers for ever green,
The myrtle bowers beloved by beauty's queen.
To Jove the oak his wide-spread branches rears,
And high to heaven the fragrant cedar bears.
Where through the glades appear the caverned rocks,
The lofty pine tree waves her sable locks.
Sacred to Cybele, the whispering pine
Loves the wild grottoes where the white cliffs shine.
Here towers the cypress, preacher to the wise;
Lessening from earth her spiral honours rise,
Till, as a spear-point reared, the topmost spray
Points to the Eden of eternal day.

A thousand flowers of gold, of white, and red,
Far o'er the shadowy vale their carpets spread
Of fairer tapestry, and of richer bloom,
Than ever glowed in Persia's boasted loom.

Here, o'er the watery mirror's lucid bed,
Narcissus, self-enamoured, hangs the head.
And here, bedew'd with love's celestial tears,
The woe-marked flower of slain Adonis rears
Its purple head, prophetic of the reign
When lost Adonis shall revive again.
The hyacinth bewrays the doleful Ai,
And calls the tribute of Apollo's sigh;
Still on its bloom the mournful flower retains
The lovely blue that dyed the stripling's veins.

CAMOENS, BY MICKLE.

## CALYPSO'S GROT.

A GARDEN vine, luxuriant on all sides,
Mantled the spacious cavern, cluster-hung
Profuse; four fountains of serenest lymph,
Their sinuous course pursuing side by side,
Strayed all around, and everywhere appeared
Meadows of softest verdure, purpled o'er
With violets; it was a scene to fill
A god from heaven with wonder and delight.

COWPER'S HOMER.



## LOVE.

Love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopped;
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste;
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

SHAKSPEARE.

## ADONIS.

STRETCHED on the ground, the wounded lover lies;
Weep, queen of beauty! for he bleeds—he dies!
Why didst thou, venturous, the wild chase explore,
From his dark den to rouse the shaggy boar?
Adonis hears not: life's last drops fall slow,
In streams of purple, down those limbs of snow;
From his pale cheek the fading roses fly,
And dewy mists obscure that radiant eye.
Kiss, kiss those fading lips ere chilled in death;
With soothing fondness stay the fleeting breath.
'Tis vain! ah! give thy soothing fondness o'er;
Adonis feels thy warm caress no more.
His faithful dogs bewail their master slain,
And mourning wood nymphs pour the plaintive strain.
Haste! fill with flowers, with rosy wreaths, his bed;
Strew the fresh flowers o'er loved Adonis dead;
Round his pale corpse each breathing perfume strew;
Let weeping myrtles pour their balmy dew,
While Venus grieves, and Cupids round deplore,
And mourn her beauty and her love, no more.

BION.

## ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars:
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows bright between.

And silver-white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropped her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own;—

Responds, as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

LONGFELLOW.

## SONG.

HEAR, ye ladies that despise
What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples, and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun;
Leda, sailing on the stream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danaë, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy;
The chaste Moon he makes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies.
Ilion in a short hour higher
He can build, and once more fire.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

## TO THE CAMELIA JAPONICA,

AFTER FLOWERING.

BEAUTIFUL light of the wintry hour!
Fairer than Rose after summer shower!
Now that thy last white blossom is gone,
Now that our eyes their feast have done,
And the barren leaf-bud and stem we see,
Beautiful flower! let us sing of thee!

Born in the dark and stormy day,
Shining without the sun's bright ray,
Thou hast been near us, a light within,
Ever the cheerful smile to win.
Come the dull morning's misty light,
Come, o'er the landscape, the rapid night;
Gloomy as ever the scene might be,
Beautiful blossom! we still had thee.

Now thou art faded, and months of bloom
And seasons of beauty are all to come.

The red, red rose shall enchant the eye,
In the glowing light of an evening sky;
The lily's deep blossom shall catch the Bee,
The honey-dews fall from the Linden-tree;

The earth we tread shall be daisied o er,
The garden teem with the fruit and flower;
Pass the bright season—the roses gone—
When the gay ones are fading, one by one,
And the leaves fall fast from the greenest tree,
Beautiful flower! we may look for thee.

Turn we away, then—but not as those
Who see the pages of promise close;
Not as the gazer, to whom appears,
But once, the flower of a hundred years.
Well may'st thou treasure thy sweets awhile,
Well may'st thou hoard up the future smile,
Joy of the dark and wintry hour,
Hail and farewell, then, beautiful flower!

EMILY TAYLOR.

## SONG.

I WOULD not die in winter,
When the flowers have passed away;
But I would sigh my last sigh
In the pleasant month of May!

I would have birds about me
To sing me into death,
And green trees, answering sweetly
To the low gale's gentle breath!

Buds and blossoms should be gleaming
Beneath an azure sky;
With the infant Spring around me,
It is thus that I would die!

With the new-blown rose unfolding,
And the bright winged butterfly,
All emblems of a fairer world;
It is thus that I would die!

R. F. HOUSMAN.

## SWEET LAVENDER.

SWEET lavender! I love thy flower
Of meek and modest blue,
Which meets the morn and evening hour,
The storm, the sunshine, and the shower,
And changeth not its hue.

In cottage-maid's parterre thou'rt seen
In simple touching grace;
And in the garden of the queen,
'Midst costly plants and blossoms sheen,
Thou also hast a place.

The rose with bright and peerless bloom
Attracted many eyes;
But while her glories and perfume
Expire before brief summer's doom,
Thy fragrance never dies.

Thou art not like the fickle train
Our adverse fates estrange;
Who in the day of grief and pain
Are found deceitful, light, and vain,
For thou dost never change.

But thou art emblem of the friend,
Who, whatso'er our lot,
The balm of faithful love will lend,
And true and constant to the end,
May die, but alters not.

STRICKLAND

## A WOODLAND PICTURE.

I PRAY thee stay! Where hast thou been?
Or whither goest thou? Here be woods as gr
As any; air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled streams, with flowers as ma
As the young spring gives, and as choice as an
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and si
Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,—
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly, in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each ni
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light
To kiss her sweetest.

FLETCHER'S FAITHFUL SHEPHERDE

## SONG TO DIAPHENIA.

DIAPHEN'S like the daffy-down-dilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh-ho! how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams;
How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me,

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed
When all thy praises are expressed,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:—
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

HENRY CONSTABLE, 1590.

## THE ALPINE VIOLET.

THE spring is come, the violet's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun;
With us she is but a winter flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue,
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

But when the spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower, beloved the most,
Shrinks from the crowd, that may confuse
Her heavenly odours and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their herald out of dire December;
The morning star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthened hours;
And 'mid the roses ne'er forget
The virgin, virgin violet.

BYRON.

## THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet;
Though winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry Line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee and thee alone I live!
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

BURNS.

## HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie.
There Simmer first unfald her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early,
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mould'ring now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

BURNS.

## MAY-MORN SONG.

THE grass is wet with shining dews,
Their silver bells hang on each tree;
While opening flower and bursting bud
Breathe incense forth unceasingly:
The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,
The throstle glads the spreading thorn,
And cheerily the blythesome lark
Salutes the rosy face of morn.
'Tis early prime;
And hark, hark, hark,
His merry chime
Chirrups the lark.
Chirrup, chirrup! he heralds in
The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love, and May-dews shake
In pailfuls from each drooping bough,
They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom
That breaks upon thy young cheek now.

O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,
Aurora's smiles are streaming free;
With earth it seems brave holiday,
In heaven it looks high jubilee:
And it is right,
For mark, love, mark,
How, bathed in light,
Chirrups the lark.
Chirrup, chirrup! he upward flies,
Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart who cannot feel
The voice of heaven within them thrill
In summer morn, when, mounting high,
This merry minstrel sings his fill.
Now let us seek yon bosky dell,
Where brightest wildflowers choose to be,
And where its clear stream murmurs on,
Meet type of our love's purity.
No witness there;
And o'er us, hark,
High in the air
Chirrups the lark.
Chirrup, chirrup! away soars he,
Bearing to heaven my vows to thee.

MOTHERWELL.

## THE HONEYSUCKLE OR WOODBINE.

ALONE, the woodbine droops and pines,
But round the elm with fondness twines,
With clasping tendrils seeks to rise,
And soon the stormy blast defies;
Till buds and spring flowers are seen
Amidst the broad elm's branches green.
How emblematic of the fair
Consigned to man's protecting care!
He finds her heart his hope and stay,
His refuge in the evil day!
Condemned to bloom and blush alone,
She pines unnoticed or unknown;
But placed within his sheltering arms,
She there unfolds far lovelier charms,
And thus caressing and caressed
The pair are in their union bless'd.

ALEX. BALFOUR.





## ATHOUGH THOU MAUN NEVER BE MINE.

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

BURNS.



## LOVE SONG.

THE Wind and the Beam loved the Rose,
And the Rose loved one;
For who recks the Wind where it blows?
Or loves not the Sun?

None knew whence the humble Wind stole,
Poor sport of the skies—
None dreamt that the Wind had a soul
In its mournful sighs.

Oh! happy Beam—how canst thou prove
That bright love of thine?
In thy light is the proof of thy love,
Thou hast but—to shine.

How its love can the Wind reveal?
Unwelcome its sigh,
Mute—mute to its Rose let it steal,
Its proof is—to die.

BULWER.



## THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

TEACH thee their language? sweet, I know no tongue,
No mystic art those gentle things declare,
I ne'er could trace the schoolman's trick among
Created things, so delicate and rare:
Their language? Prythee; why, they are themselves
But bright thoughts syllabled to shape and hue,
The tongue that erst was spoken by the elves,
When tenderness as yet within the world was new.

And oh, do not their soft and starry eyes—
Now bent on earth, to heaven now meekly pleading,
Their incense fainting as it seeks the skies,
Yet still from earth with freshening hope receding—
Say, do not these to every heart declare,
With all the silent eloquence of truth,
The language that they speak is Nature's prayer,
To give her back those spotless days of youth?

HOFFMAN.

## TO ——

I SEND thee lilies given to me;
Though, long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be;
But yet reject them not as such:
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou beholdest them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear:
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

BYRON.

## THE NIGHT-BLOWING STOCK.

COME look at this plant with its narrow pale leaves
And its tall, thin, delicate stem,
Thickly studded with flowers! yes—there they are!
Don't you see at each joint there's a little brown star,
But in truth there's no beauty in them,
So you ask why I keep it, the mean little thing,
Why I stick it up here just in sight?
'Tis a fancy of mine, a strange fancy you say,
No accounting for tastes!—in this instance you may,
For the flower——but I'll tell you to-night:
Some six hours hence, when the Lady-Moon
Looks down on the bastion wall,
And the glittering stars dance silently
On the rippling surface of the sea,
And the heavy night-dews fall;—
Then meet me again in this casement niche,
On the spot where we're standing now,—
Nay! question not wherefore,—perchance with me,
To look on the night and the bright broad sea,
And to hear its majestic flow.

Well, we're met here again, and the moonlight sleeps
On the sea, and the bastion wall,
And the flowers below—how the night-wind brings
Their delicious breath on its dewy wings,
But there's one, say you, sweeter than all!
Which is it? the lily, or jessamine, or their sovereign lady, the rose,
Or the heliotrope, or the virgin's-bower?
What neither? Ah no, 'tis some other flower
Far sweeter than any of those!
Far sweeter! and where, think you, dwelleth the plant
That exhaleth such perfume rare?
Look about, up and down, but take care, or you'll break
With your elbow that poor little thing that's so weak;—
Why, 'tis that smells so sweet, I declare!
Ah, ha! have you found out now
Why I cherish the odd little fright?
All is not gold that glitters, you know;
And 'tis not always worth makes the greatest show,
In the glare of the strongest light!
There are human flowers, full many, I ween,
As unlovely as that by your side,
That the common observer passes by
a scornful lip, and a careless eye,
the hey-day of pleasure and pride!
take one of these to some quiet spot,
rom the mid-day sun's broad glare,
ere peace and contentment brood with dove like wing,

And see if the homely despised thing
  May not yield sweet perfume there;
And judge not again at a single glance,
  Nor pass sentence hastily,
There are many bright things in this world of ours,
Rare weeds, and strange plants, that prove precious
    flowers,
  Little dreamt of by you, or by me.

ANON.

## SPARE MY FLOWER.

OH spare my flower, my gentle flower,
The slender creature of a day!
Let it bloom out its little hour,
And pass away.

So soon its fleeting charms must lie
Decay'd, unnotic'd, overthrown;
Oh hasten not its destiny,
Too like thy own.

The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,
And sigh to find its playmate gone;
The bee will come its sweets to borrow,
And meet with none.

Oh spare! and let it still outspread
Its beauties to the passing eye,
And look up from its lowly bed,
Upon the sky.

Oh spare my flower! thou know'st not what
  Thy undiscerning hand would tear:
A thousand charms, thou notest not,
    Lie treasured there.

Not Solomon, in all his state,
  Was clad like nature's simplest child;
Nor could the world combined create
    One flow'ret wild.

Spare, then, this humble monument
  Of an Almighty's power and skill!
And let it at His shrine present
    Its homage still.

He made it who made nought in vain;
  He watches it who watches thee;
And He can best its date ordain,
    Who bade it be.

Oh spare my flower! for it is frail—
  A timid, weak, imploring thing—
And let it still upon the gale
    Its moral fling.

That moral thy reward shall be:
  Catch the suggestion, and apply—
"Go live like me," it cries; "like me,
    Soon, soon to die."

LYTE.

## SONG.



OW the lusty spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Everywhere, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull;
Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not plucked, we die."

Yet, the lusty spring hath stayed;
Blushing red, and purest white,
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid,
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste;
Apples ever ripe below,
Winding gently to the waist:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not plucked, we die."

BEAUMO

## THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

IN eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The rose is a sign of joy and love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the lily's bell,
Pure as the heart in its native heaven;
Fame's bright star and Glory's swell,
By the glossy leaf of the bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart
In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes;
And the tender soul that cannot part,
A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.

The cypress that daily shades the grave,
  Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot,
And faith that a thousand ills can brave
  Speaks in thy blue leaves—forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

PERCIVAL.

## THE ROSARY.

ONE asked me where the roses grew,—
  I bad him not go seek;
But forthwith bade my Julia show
  A bud in either cheek.

Some asked me where the rubies grow!
  And nothing I did say,
But with my finger pointed to
  The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where;
  Then spoke I to my girl
To part her lips and shew them there,
  The quarrelets of pearl.

HERRICK.

## MAY GARLANDS.

COME, ye little revellers gay,
Learners in the school of May,
Bring me here the richest crown
Wreathed this morn on breezy down,
Or in nook of copsewood green,
Or by river's rushy screen,
Or in sunny meadow wide,
Gemmed with cowslips in their pride;
Or perchance, high prized o'er all,
From beneath the southern wall,
From the choicest garden bed,
'Mid bright smiles of infants bred,
Each a lily of his own
Offering, or a rose half-blown.

Bring me now a crown as gay,
Wreathed and woven yesterday.
Where are now those forms so fair?
Withered, drooping, wan, and bare,
Feeling nought of earth or sky,
Shower or dew, behold they lie,

Vernal airs no more to know:—
They are gone—and ye must go,
Go where all that ever bloomed,
In its hour must lie entombed.—
They are gone; their light is o'er:—
Ye must go; but ye once more
Hope in joy to be new-born,
Lovelier than May's gleaming morn.

Hearken, children of the May,
Now in your glad hour and gay,
Ye whom all good angels greet
With their treasures blithe and sweet:—
None of all the wreaths ye prize
But was nursed by weeping skies.
Keen March winds, soft April showers,
Braced the roots, embalmed the flowers.
So, if e'er that second spring
Her green robe o'er you shall fling,
Stern self-mastery, tearful prayer,
Must the way of bliss prepare.
How should else Earth's flowerets prove
Meet for those pure crowns above?

*Lyra Innocentium.*



## THE LAST WISH.

GO to the forest shade—
Seek thou the well-known glade,
Where heavy with sweet dew, the violets lie,
Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,
Like dark eyes filled with sleep,
And bathed in hues of summer's midnight sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed
Around my dying bed
A breath of May, and of the woods' repose;
For I in sooth depart
With a reluctant heart,
That fain would linger where the bright sun glows.

Fain would I stay with thee—
Alas! this may not be;
Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours;
Go where the fountain's breast
Catches, in glassy rest,
The dim green light that pours through laurel bowers.

I know how softly bright,
Steeped in that tender light,
The water-lilies tremble there, e'en now;
Go to the pure stream's edge,
And from its whispering sedge
Bring me those flowers to cool my fevered brow.

Then, as in hope's young days,
Track thou the antique maze
Of the rich garden, to its grassy mound;
There is a lone white rose,
Shedding, in sudden snows,
Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf around:

Well know'st thou that fair tree—
A murmur of the bee
Dwells ever in the honey'd lime above:
Bring me one pearly flower
Of all its clustering shower—
For on that spot we first revealed our love.

Gather one woodbine bough,
Then from the lattice low
Of the bowered cottage which I bade thee mark,
When by the hamlet last,
Through dim wood-lanes we pass'd,
While dews were glancing to the glow-worm's spark:

Haste! to my pillow bear
Those fragrant things and fair,
Thy hand no more may bind them up at eve—
Yet shall their odour soft
One bright dream round me waft
Of life, youth, summer—all that I must leave:

And oh! if thou wouldst ask
Wherefore thy steps I task,
The grove, the stream, the hamlet vale to trace—
'Tis that some thought of me,
When I am gone, may be
The spirit bound to each familiar place.

I bid mine image dwell
(Oh! break not thou the spell!)
In the deep wood and by the fountain side;
Thou must not, my beloved!
Rove where we two have roved,
Forgetting her that in her spring-time died!

HEMANS.

## THE VOICE OF THE FLOWERS.

BLOSSOMS that lowly bend,
Shutting your leaves from evening's chilly dew,
While your rich odours heavily ascend,
The flitting winds to woo.

I walk at silent eve,
When scarce a breath is in the garden bowers,
And many a vision and wild fancy weave,
Midst you, ye lovely flowers;

Beneath the cool green boughs,
And perfumed bells of the fresh blossomed lime,
That stoop and gently touch my feverish brow,
Fresh in their summer prime;

Or in the mossy dell,
Where the pale primrose trembles at a breath;
Or where the lily, by the silent well,
Beholds her form beneath;

Or where the rich queen-rose
Sits throned and blushing, 'midst her leaves and moss;
Or where the wind-flower, pale and fragile, blows,
Or violets banks emboss.

Here do I love to be,—
Mine eye alone in passionate love to dwell
Upon the loveliness and purity
Of every bud and bell.

Oh blessedness, to lie
By the clear brook, where the long-bennet dips!
To press the rose-bud in its purity
Unto the burning lips!

To lay the weary head
Upon the bank, with daisies all beset,
Or with bared feet, at early dawn, to tread
O'er mosses cool and wet!

And then to sit at noon,
When bees are humming low, and birds are still,
And drowsy is the faint uncertain tone
Of the swift woodland rill.

And dreams can then reveal
That, wordless though ye be, ye have a tone,
A language, and a power, that I may feel,
Thrilling my spirit lone.

Ye speak of hope and love,
Bright as your hues, and vague as your perfume;
Of changeful, fragile thoughts, that brightly move
Men's hearts amid their gloom.

Ye speak of human life,
Its mystery,—the beautiful and brief;
Its sudden fading, 'midst the tempest strife,
E'en as a fragile leaf.

And, more than all, ye speak
Of might and power, of mercy, of the One
Eternal who hath strewed you fair and meek,
To glisten in the sun;

To gladden all the earth
With bright and beauteous emblems of his grace,
That showers its gift of uncomputed worth,
In every clime and place.

BROWNE.

## LOVE'S WREATH.

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round
Among flowers the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet it allured him to stay.

O'erhead from the trees hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath:
'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flowers up there,
Love knew it, and jumped at the wreath.

But Love did not know—and, at his weak years,
What urchin was likely to know?—
That Sorrow had made, of her own salt tears,
That fountain which murmured below.

He caught at the wreath, but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do;
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.

Yet this is the wreath he wears night and day;
And, though it all sunny appears,
With Pleasure's own lustre, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the fountain of tears.

MOCRE.

## BEAUTY WARNED BY THE FLOWERS.

TRUST not, sweet soul! those curled waves of gold,
With gentle tides that on your temples flow!
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow!
Nor snow of cheeks, with Tyrian grain enrolled;
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe
When first I did their azure rays behold;
Nor voice whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the Thracian harper have been told.
Look to this dying lily, fading rose!
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice!
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes!
The cruel tyrant, that did kill those flowers,
Shall once, ah me! not spare that spring of yours.

DRUMMOND.

## TWO ROSES.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST CHILD.

TWO roses on one slender spray
In sweet communion grew,
Together hailed the morning ray,
And drank the evening dew;
While sweetly wreathed in mossy green,
There sprang a little bud between.

Thro' clouds and sunshine, storms and showers,
They opened into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
Their beauty and perfume;
While fostered on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon their summer splendour pass'd,
They faded in the wind,
Yet were these roses to the last
The loveliest of their kind,
Whose crimson leaves, in falling round,
Adorned and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honours shorn,
The bud unfolding rose,
And blushed and brightened as the morn
From dawn to sunrise glows,
Till o'er each parent's drooping head
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My Friends! in youth's romantic prime,
The golden age of man,
Like these twin roses spend your time,
Life's little lessening span;
Then be your breasts as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o'er your withering hours shall shine
Fair, and more fair, as you decline;—

Till planted in that realm of rest,
Where Roses never die,
Amidst the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flower afresh like Aaron's rod,
That blossomed at the sight of God.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## THE CONFESSION.

ATHER, I love the meadows
Where the turf is fresh and green;
And I love the shady hedgerows
Where the purple violet's seen:
And I dearly love to hear the song
Of the wild bird in the trees,
When the hair is lifted from my brow
By the gentle morning breeze.

Father, it is pleasant
'Neath the clustering boughs to steal,
When to the golden harvest-field
I take your noon-day meal;
And 'tis very gay to listen,
When the sheaves the reapers bind,
To their merry laughter, as it swells
Upon the summer wind.

Father, it is beautiful
To see the sun decline,
When his slanting beams make stream and tree
In floods of glory shine—

To wander in the shady lanes,
  Or in the green wood stray,—
To me it is the loveliest hour
  Throughout the livelong day.

But, father, when the darkening sky
  Sheds gloom upon the earth;
When the birds are silent in the boughs,
  And the loathsome bat comes forth;
When the owl is shrieking from her hole,
  In the ivy-mantled tower;
I tremble as I walk alone
  In that dull and dreary hour.

Father, you know the dark-eyed youth
  Who came from distant lands,
To soothe his grey-haired mother's age
  By the labour of his hands:
Sometimes I've met him in my way,
  As I've trembled in the gloom;
And with a gentle brother's care,
  He has brought me safely home.

Father, the moon and stars have shone
  In the sky above my head,
As together we have moved along
  By the path where I have led:

And, oh, the wondrous tales he tells
  Of the billows' wanton sport!
I have ever thought as we wandered on
  That the way was very short.

Father, he says that there are lands
  Where the girls are very fair,
And wear rich jewels on their arms,
  And pearls amid their hair;
But though they must have looked like queens
  In such gaudy garments dressed,
Yet still he says that he loves the girls
  Of his own poor village best.

Father, he is a pious son,
  So all the neighbours say;
And as civil as the other lads,
  Though he's been so far away:
He often lends a helping hand
  With my pitcher at the well,
Or bears my basket when I go
  With your dinner to the dell.

Father, you are no longer young,
  And I cannot bear to see
How very hard you're forced to work,
  To support yourself and me.

I often wish you had a son
  Who could share your heavy task,
While you might at our cottage-door
  In the evening sunshine bask.

Father, a stout and willing heart
  Should stand in lieu of gold,
For industry will prosper still,
  As we are often told:
I know of one would gladly share
  Your labour—but he's poor;
May he not tell his tale himself?
  Father, he's at the door!

MISS PARI

THE END.







